

Water drops

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Summary: "You ready for the grand finale?" Inquired Hiccup, his eyes staring at the silver disc in the sky. Toothless roared in a low voice and suddenly stopped flapping his wings. Hiccup's heart jerked and began to beat much more than normal as their figures were falling through the nocturnal sky.

Water drops

One Shot How to Train Your Dragon

"Water drops"

Toothless was particularly frisky that evening. It had become a custom for Hiccup and his friend to take a flight in the evening, beneath the silvery moonlight.

The Night Fury prompted the boy to go outside by licking his right hand, which was resting on his knee, and the left one was intent on giving life to a dragon on a sheet of paper. The drawing did not have a shape yet, and only the artist could comprehend what it portrayed.

The dragon insisted and he stood up, putting his forelegs on the backrest of the chair Hiccup was sitting on. The boy felt the air moving his hair and he instantaneously turned and saw Toothless staring at him with lively eyes. In the end, Hiccup succumbed to those green, lovable eyes and decided he would complete his drawing another time, perhaps when Toothless was asleep.

"Do you want to go out, bud?" Proposed the teenager as he was smiling.

Hiccup gave Toothless a gentle and sweet caress on his head, and then put his fingers behind the black ears, scratching at the place the dragon loved so much.

The animal emitted a sound of pleasing and moved towards the stairs, growling in promptness. Hiccup glanced at the unfinished drawing on the desk and ran downstairs.

As soon as he opened the door, the Viking took a deep breath which created a little cloud of condensation. He approached the dragon, he sat on the saddle and verified everything was alright.

"Ready?" Asked with a genuine smile the rider to his dragon.

The Night Fury showed in a quick smile his toothless gums and backed a few feet to take a leap. He unfurled his wings and relished the freedom.

Nothing could embody better the feeling of liberty than flying just above the water's surface, reach and slightly touch it with the wings and the hands, producing those little drops that hit the face and left a nice feeling of coolness.

After having savored that moment of flight near the water, the dragon rider changed the inclination of the prosthetic tail to let Toothless rise in altitude. Once the reptile heard the metallic sound of the mechanism of the tail, he snarled playfully and flapped the wings repeatedly.

They Viking and the dragon in that moment were surrounded by billows, kissed by the moonlight. The Moon seemed so close. Hiccup bent down, near his friend's ears to talk to him and he noticed that he had the mouth slightly open, and the tongue outside. He was relishing " in the true meaning of the word " the freedom, and in a way, the sovereignty, because he really was the king of the sky.

If there had been someone flying with them, they would have not distinguish the silhouettes of their bodies, but only their eyes. Both were green, though of a different tonality. It was another characteristic they had in common: green eyes and an intense, vivacious, cunning look.

"You ready for the grand finale?" Inquired Hiccup, his eyes staring at the silver disc in the sky.

Toothless roared in a low voice and suddenly stopped flapping his wings. Hiccup's heart jerked and began to beat much more than normal as their figures were falling through the nocturnal sky. But that was not fear, that was thrill, that was utter euphoria. Goose pimples rapidly diffused on the boy's whole body, whom could not contain a scream of joy. He did not separate himself from the saddle and, when both of them were at the right distance from the ground, he murmured something in the dragon's ear. The latter opened his wings and interrupted the fall in a sudden and violent way.

Hiccup felt his head spinning but he adored that. It gave him an indescribable, pleasant sense of elation.

When the two friends landed, they looked at each other for a few seconds, until the Viking burst into a triumphant laughter.

"We made it!", He yelled with glee, "We achieved success!"

Hiccup could be exceedingly happy at times. Toothless loved that.

He then touched his hair and noticed it was wet. His face was dotted with freckles and tiny water drops. He did not wipe them off, despite the cold. He called Toothless, but the dragon wasn't behind him. He recognized the figure of the Night Fury through to the colour of the tail; he had his head turned up and he was moving his tail friskily.

"Let's go home, Toothless. It's late"

The reptile raised his ears and reached the boy to go home.

Toothless went straight near the bed and fell asleep. Hiccup lay down too on his bed, with an arm behind the nape. A question crossed his mind.

Do dragons dream?

Hiccup really desired having an answer, but unfortunately he did not.

That did not let him sleep and, after having turned several times in the bed, he got out of bed and went sitting at the desk. The charcoal was the only means by which he could get relaxed, therefore he clasped it in his left hand and let the imagination express himself.

End
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